

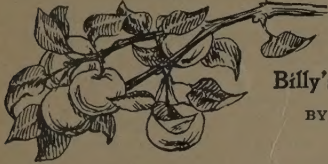
# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

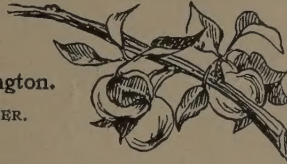
SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1914.

NUMBER 16



## Billy's General Washington.

BY DELLA HARRIS BATHER.



BILLY tucked the tiny pig in his blouse, and carefully buttoned his coat.

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Trask," he said with shining eyes. "I believe I'm the luckiest boy in the world."

"That's what you are, Billy," answered Mr. Trask. "That pig's full-blooded."

"Hasn't he got any bones at all?" anxiously inquired Billy, loosening his hold a little.

"Oh, yes, same's any other pig, an' he's not liable to break in two," laughed Mr. Trask. "What I mean is he's some punkins."

"An' he'll grow," Billy added joyously. "I'm goin' to name him George Washington. Don't you think there's somethin' in havin' a good name?"

"Sure there is," replied Mr. Trask. "Now it's your task to feed the General so he'll make good. He'll stand a lot of stuffin'."

Billy held his treasure tightly as he skipped over the snow.

"General Washington," he whispered, beginning the comradeship at once, "aren't you glad Mr. Trask gave you to me 'stead of Tom Jones? Tom wanted you awful bad; but he's got folks, an' I've not got anybody but you, an' you haven't anybody but me."

It came to Billy, as he was nearing the Updyke home, that it was "his task to feed the General." All at once his feet grew heavy.

"I'll divvy with you," he said, "they can't keep me from that."

Starvation never more surely stared into the faces of General Washington the first and his comrades at Valley Forge. That the Updykes were stingy, was an established fact in the neighborhood.

Luck again favored Billy. No one was at home. He carried the pig to his room in the attic, for who would put a baby out into the cold alone? He filled a saucer with milk.

Into this he immersed General Washington's nose. The General rebelled, kicking over the milk. Repeated efforts convinced Billy that he must use other tactics. His charge was too young to drink.

Then a plan suggested itself. It worked. In a short time General Washington was sleeping peacefully in Billy's cot.



"If it hadn't been for the birds, and other animals, I would have run away," confessed Billy.

Mr. and Mrs. Updyke and Benny, aged two, returned from town, and Billy was busy with the chores. After supper he played with Benny, which was one of his few pleasures. To-night the baby was cross, the play dragged, and Billy was glad when his mother carried him off to bed.

With astonishing alacrity Billy hastened to the attic. He found the General still asleep, fed him, and crawled in beside him. The little live thing nestling so close to him warmed Billy's heart. For the first time

since he had been thrust out to the mercies of a cold world he remembered his prayers.

With his cheek pressed against the small, hard head, he whispered, "Now I lay me" and "Our Father." Then it occurred to him that neither prayer had included the General.

"I promised to go halves, an' halves it'll be, if I have to go on my own hook," he whispered.

"Don't forget General Washington," he pleaded earnestly. "Give him this day his daily milk so he'll grow an' take the fifty-dollar prize at the fair, 'cause, you know, he's full-blooded. If you hear of a place where they have plenty to eat for boys and pigs, send us there, and we'll praise thee, world out end, Amen."

"Billy! Billy! git up an' run for the doctor. Somethin' awful's the matter with Benny, an' I'm feared to have his paleaveme herealone."

Thus was Billy rudely awakened from slumber and dreams that a king might covet. Shivering, he leaped from the bed and dressed. With Benny's cries in his ears, he fearlessly sprang out into the snow and darkness, toward Dr. Scott's two miles away. He who trembled when Mr. or Mrs. Updyke spoke to him knew no phantoms of the night. Only the human voice and hand held any terrors for Billy.

To Dr. Scott's "What's wanted," he piped breathlessly,

"Benny Updyke's dyin' as fast as he can, an' Mis' Updyke wants you to come an' see 'im."

"Come in, and ride back with me," invited the doctor, throwing open the door.

"Are you Mrs. Updyke's boy?" he inquired, as the cutter skimmed over the snow.

"Oh, no," Billy hastened to explain, "I'm just their hired man."

Dr. Scott looked at the small specimen at his side with interest.

"What's the name?"

"Billy."

"Billy what?"

"Billy Thorne, but I don't tell that 'less I'm 'specially asked. Mis' Updyke says I'm one all right enough, and there isn't any use of everybody's knowin' it."

"Maybe everybody wouldn't agree with



Mrs. Updyke," Dr. Scott said comfortingly. "Haven't you any relatives?"

"No,—only General Washington."

"Any of us would be proud to claim that gentleman. Perhaps you will be President yourself one of these days."

"I think I'd rather be a doctor that makes folks well, like you. An'—my General Washington's not a general or President at all, he's—my—pig."

"Now I call that a fine name for a pig. Some character to that! I say, get a good name and stick to it. We've had enough Spotties and Blackies, eh, Billy?"

Billy glowed.

"That's just what I told Mr. Trask when he gave the pig to me. 'Sides, I couldn't a named him anything common. He's full-blooded."

"What breed?" asked the doctor.

"Some punkins breed," was Billy's startling information.

"A new one on me," admitted the doctor; "but I'm not up on-pigology."

"Oh, that's nothing," Billy hastened to assure him. "I didn't know till Mr. Trask told me. I'm learnin' fast. I always lived in the city till last summer. A man from the Orphan's Volunteers for Protectin' Fresh Air brought me here 'cause Mr. Updyke needed a hired man."

"How do you like the country?"

"All but the folks, I—I mean the ones I got 'quainted with before to-night. If it hadn't a been for the birds, an' other animals, I'd a run away," confessed Billy. "But I won't get homesick any more, for I've got General Washington to live for. Mr. Trask says he grows by stuffin', an' there's not much of that lyin' loose 'round Mr. Updyke's. But I'll love 'im. Don't you think that'll help a lot? That's why I haven't grown any bigger."

"You bet it helps, Billy," answered the doctor. "And it strikes me that it's a pretty poor world that can't furnish some one to love a little fellow like you."

By the time they reached the Updyke home Benny had cried himself to sleep, Mrs. Updyke was in hysterics, and the man of the house panic-stricken. An immense old sideboard had been pushed against the chamber door, and broken earthenware lay in its wake.

Billy stood by the stove warming himself, and taking in the scene of confusion with wide-opened eyes, when a sound reached his ears that sent the blood flying from his cheeks. General Washington was on a reconnoitring expedition, and might fall into the hands of the enemy any minute; and the way to his relief was cut off. The boy hesitated only a moment, then disappeared through the kitchen door.

Dr. Scott examined the sleeping child.

"Nothing the trouble with Benny," he assured them. "He's sleeping like a top."

Mr. Updyke beckoned the doctor into the next room.

"Doc," he whispered, "this here house is ha'nted, an' Mandy an' the boy's bewitched."

"Get out with your nonsense," scolded the doctor, good-naturedly. "What's the matter with you? Been to town to-day?"

"Yes, but she carries the pocketbook. An' it's gospel truth," he declared, every hair of his shaggy, sandy head seeming to stand on end. "Benny quit cryin' an' went to sleep, an' Mandy 'n' me was hardly breathin' for fear we'd wake 'im up, when all of a sudden we heerd glass smashin' an' a thump 's if some one had busted a window light an' jumped in. Mandy screeched there was

burglars upstairs, an' I pushed that lumberin' old sideboard agin the stair door, an' broke nigh onto ev'ry dish in the house."

"Well, well," ejaculated the doctor, "that's bad."

"That isn't the worst of it," went on Updyke, "for there's nothin' upstairs to steal. Whatever 'tis, it won't go away. It hangs 'round up there's if it'd come to stay. No, sir, it's not rats or squirrels. It's got hoofs. Can't you hear 'em?"

The doctor listened. Only Benny's even breathing broke the deathlike stillness.

"Where's Billy?" the doctor suddenly inquired.

Updyke's eyes glistened.

"I'll bet, when he saw he couldn't git through the stair door, he hiked up that ladder in the woodshed, an' climbed through the winder. It's got 'im all right. That's why everything's so still."

The doctor dropped into a chair, threw back his head, and roared.

"Doctor's got it now," panted the wretched Updyke, "only he's took different. Wonder how it'll take me!"

"Yes, I've got it bad," said the convulsed doctor. "Here, Updyke," putting his shoulder against the sideboard, "help me to get this out of the road. I'm afraid I'm not equal to Billy's way of getting upstairs."

He picked up the lamp and started toward the door.

"We'll go up and investigate, Updyke. Better lie still, Mrs. Updyke. Your husband and I will take care of everything."

"I'd better get a match, in case somethin' should blow out the light," suggested Updyke, edging toward the kitchen.

When, rather white and shaky, he appeared in the doorway, Dr. Scott beckoned him forward.

### God's Gift.

GOD gave a gift to thee and said,  
"This gift is thine forevermore;  
Yet take and use it ceaselessly,  
Or never rightly know its power."

This wondrous gift God gave to thee,  
All other gifts count then above,  
For of Himself He gave thee part,  
A gift divine, the power to love.

VLYN JOHNSON,  
in *Sunday School Times*.

### Sunday-school News.

OUR school at Keene, N.H., has secured promptness on the part of pupils and teachers through a direct message to each one who arrives. On the door leading into the Sunday-school room a card is hung, which reads, "I AM EARLY." As soon as the school is opened, the card is turned, and every one who enters reads the words "I AM LATE." The card bearing these words may be obtained from any Sunday-school supply house.

The church calendar, issued at Berkeley, Cal., outlines the course of study upon which that school has entered. It is thoroughly graded, and the religious aim in each year's work is clearly set forth.

*The only opinion worth having is the opinion of the best.*

*I know the world now, and the chief thing is to keep a good temper.*

GEORGE MEREDITH.

In the little cot lay Billy asleep. The hunted look on his wan face had given way to one of repose. The broad, intelligent forehead, over which fell masses of fine dark hair, the great, pathetic circles about the eyes, the shapely nose, the sensitive mouth, none of these details escaped Dr. Scott's practiced eye.

He turned down the coverlet, and there, nestling under Billy's thin arm, was General Washington, with Benny's pacifier in his mouth.

"Rather a contented-looking spook," laughed the doctor, pointing to the General.

Beside the cot lay Benny's broken nursing bottle.

"And here's the broken window light. Updyke, it's your treat."

"He'll pay for these things, if I have to take it out of his hide!" thundered the chagrined man. "Mandy looked all over the house for them. That's what ailed Benny all the time."

Mrs. Updyke, obeying the demands of curiosity rather than the doctor's orders, had stolen up the stairs.

"A pig in my bed!" she shrieked.

Billy awoke with a start. The doctor, bending over him, reassured him.

"I'll pay the damages, Updyke," he said quietly, "and be glad of the chance, if I may take Billy home with me. I want him for my own."

"Take him an' welcome, an' good rid-dance," burst out Updyke. "He's nothing to me."

Again in the cutter, the doctor tucked the robe carefully about Billy and the General.

"Billy," he said tenderly, "I've been looking for you for years. I was once a homeless little chap myself."

### A Fight with a Swordfish.

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

FROM the crow's-nest on the fore-cross trees of the swordfisherman "Polly," cruising twenty miles off Cape Elizabeth to supply the Portland market, fell the penetrating tenor of Lem Peterson:

"Fin on the weather bow!"

The hail electrified the lounging crew.

"Put us on his back, Tony!" shouted Captain Jeff Richards to the cook at the wheel.

The Portuguese brought the trim schooner close to the wind. Soon all could spy the blunt little triangular membrane, smoothly cutting the leaden seas. Captain Jeff, harpoon in hand, ran along the bowsprit to the circular-railed "pulpit" on its end.

"Steady," he cautioned with a warning gesture.

Gaining little by little, the "Polly" followed the sudden movements of the vagrant fin. Soon the "pulpit" was almost over it. The captain stiffened himself, poising his harpoon aloft. A moment later, and down darted the iron into the bluish-black body just back of the shoulders.

There was stillness for a second, as if the fish had been stunned, then a tremendous splash. Up whirled the fluked tail, and as suddenly disappeared its owner, mad with fright and pain, shooting arrowlike for bottom.

"Over with the barrel!" shouted Richards: the empty cask with its ninety-fathom warp splashed under the bow. Presently it sank, but before long popped up again. Then not twenty yards off out leaped the fish itself,



blue clay from the bottom still clinging to its three-foot sword, the blood from the harpoon-thrust staining the sea crimson.

The barrel immediately began skipping to windward at a lively rate.

"Your fish, Charley," said Captain Jeff to his sixteen-year-old son. "Get him."

Charley wasted no time. Into a dory towing astern he threw a pair of oars, and a lance made of an old bayonet. Then he cast off the painter, and jumped aboard. The vessel drew rapidly away in obedience to another hail from the crow's-nest:

"Fin a-lee!"

Charley pulled his hardest. He must catch that barrel, still dancing rapidly into the eye of the freshening wind. Soon he saw the "Polly," now a half-mile off, drop another dory to pursue the second fish. Then away she sped still further to leeward.

A stern chase is a long chase. By the time the bow of Charley's dory bumped against the scarcely moving barrel, a full mile and a half stretched between him and the schooner. Windward the horizon was obscured by rapidly advancing fog. Enveloped in its clammy drifts, he would have hard work to regain the "Polly."

Lifting the cask aboard, he began coiling in the ninety-fathom warp. Swiftly the loops dropped from his deft hands on the heightening heap. But he was careful to keep his feet clear. Near this very spot the summer before a doryman, eager to get his prey alongside, had stepped directly into the coil, had been caught about the ankle, dragged overboard, and drowned.

Soon the fish came in sight, its blood still dyeing the sea. It moved feebly, as if in its last throes. Charley estimated it with a practiced eye.

"Seven feet, if he's an inch; and he'll stock a good three hundred. Worth twenty-five dollars on the wharf."

Leaning over the gunwale, he prodded the fish near the gills with the bayonet, until life appeared to be extinct. He made no attempt to gaff the heavy body aboard. Instead he passed the harpoon-warp three or four times around the tail, drew it out of water, and made fast to the stern-becket. Then he began to tow his prize slowly toward the schooner.

It was now much rougher. Steamy fog-wraiths were hiding the "Polly." Already her hull and sails were indistinct, and Charley could just make out the black figure of Lem Peterson in the crow's-nest. Aided by wind and sea, he pulled stoutly toward the vanishing vessel.

A splash astern surprised him. Surely by this time the fish must be dead. Half rising, he looked over the scull-hole. The chunky body was a-quiver with life.

Suddenly the big fish twisted half over, and, though its tail was tied, got one fluke under water. So good use did it make of the purchase thus obtained that the dory careened to windward and a sea rushed in.

Charley dropped his oars and sprang to the stern. Once let the fish get both flukes under water, and it would start for bottom. What of himself then? The water was icy cold. Could he hope to keep afloat until picked up by the "Polly?"

Flinging himself forward, breast on the sloping stern, knees hard against the sides, he seized the warp to lift the tail above water. The fish gave another roll, and in slopped a second wave, settling the boat still lower. Charley grasped the slippery tail just above the flukes. It would never do for those



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—T. GRUST.

powerful propeller-blades to have free play. They showered him with spray as he jerked them into the air.

Clinching his nails into the scaly skin, he looked to leeward: the schooner was half a mile away. At that distance they would hardly notice his plight, and he dared not let go to signal. Even as he looked, the "Polly" veered; and he saw his father in the "pulpit" hurl another harpoon. The crew were busy. He must make his fight alone.

The fish seemed to be filled with fresh life. Its vigorous, slippery tail almost escaped from his hands. He tried in vain to sink his fingers deeper into the hard, smooth skin. If he could only have reached his sheath knife, stuck in athwart amidships, he would soon have severed the stout muscles.

The boat rolled, almost throwing him overboard. The seas were increasing. Every surge struck the high dory on her broadside. Already the water washing back and forth inside had lowered her freeboard considerably.

Charley's strength was ebbing. He could not hold on many minutes longer. Again he looked for the "Polly."

A vista clear of fog had opened between him and the schooner: the faces of her crew were turned toward him. Seizing an opportunity when the struggles of the fish were less violent, he waved his left hand, and quickly regained his hold.

"Hold fast, Charley; we're coming!" It was his father's voice through the megaphone.

He saw that the vessel had changed her course.

The boy's strength was almost gone when the schooner ranged alongside. He helped make the watch-tackle fast to his prize, and saw it hoisted, still struggling, on deck. Then he clambered aboard himself.

### Grown-up Land.

"Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,  
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?"

"Oh, this way and that way, never a stop.  
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,  
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,  
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,  
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,  
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,  
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,  
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town!"

"Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray.  
Manhood Town lies where? Can you tell the way?"

"Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land,—  
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand  
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,  
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,  
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,  
'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart,  
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,  
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town!"

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand  
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.

*City and Country.*



## THE BEACON.

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## From the Editor to You.

SHE is a great and wise woman. Her one book is read in different languages in many lands. She stood before a vast audience and talked, and perhaps not one of them could understand what she said. After she had given a few sentences, a young woman repeated in English what the radiant-faced speaker had just told in her own language. Every one was eager to know what she was saying in the strange words. It was Dr. Montessori, an Italian woman, who has found a new way of teaching little children.

Moving-pictures at the close of the lecture showed happy little people running about whenever they wished, playing with blocks and fabrics and letters while they learned color and texture and how to read, marking with pencils around triangles and squares and other forms, and soon teaching themselves how to write. They were helping with household tasks, being kind and courteous to each other and to the visitors who came to the school. We saw them running up to Dr. Montessori, who was teaching them, as if they loved to be near her, and enjoyed the school she made for them.

Some of us who listened to her words and looked at her ways with children, as the pictures showed them, could not help thinking of another teacher to whom little children once came running; and, when his followers tried to keep them away, he said, "Let the little children come to me; do not forbid them. They are fit for that Kingdom of Heaven of which I have told you."

Dr. Montessori says children, when well and not forbidden to do the very things the divine life in them is urging them to do, are always good: there are no bad children. It was just that, too, you remember, that Jesus said, telling the grown people that, if they wanted to be fit to enter the kingdom, they must become like little children.

Little people ought to be happy to know that the greatest teachers of the world believe in them, know them to be naturally right and true and good. I think it should make every boy and girl want to keep that purity and goodness with which they started life, in thought, in word, in deed. Don't you?

*What all may love and all may share  
Hath touch of brotherhood;  
Our humblest joy of daily fare,  
As well as grace of earth and air,  
Proclaim a common good.*

A. E. CROSS.

## THE BEACON CLUB CORNER.

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

HUDSON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I live on a very large farm. We have many chickens and hens. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I have to go two miles on the car. I have attended this Sunday school four years without missing a Sunday. I won a gold pin. Will you please send me a Beacon Club button, as I wish to write some stories for your paper?

Sincerely yours,

RUTH TWISS.  
(Age 10.)

JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. We have started a Beacon Club, and we make puzzles like enigmas and diamonds. I didn't go the first Saturday. We go every other Saturday. I went to the second and had a very good time.

As Hallowe'en was just past, we had Hallowe'en games, bobbing for apples, and a peanut race, in which I won a bag of peanuts.

All the children stood in a row with a thread with a peanut tied to the end of it, and in the midst of laughing each tried to throw his peanut into his mouth first. The prize for getting it there first was a bag of peanuts.

Your friend,

MERRIL C. WILCOX.

NATICK, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Natick Unitarian Sunday school.

Our class has organized a club by the name of the Lend-a-Hand Club, and we meet at different houses every other Saturday. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much.

Hoping I may become a member of the Beacon Club, I am

Sincerely yours,

MADELENE CLOUGH.

The following letter gives our Club its first member from the great State of Texas:

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. We have seventeen in our class, but we are trying to get more. Every Sunday we get our *Beacons*. Please send me a button, as I wish to write a story.

EILEEN McMANUS.

The record of regular attendance shown by the following letter is one of which any boy might be proud:

QUINCY, ILL.

My dear Miss Buck,—I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy reading it very much. I should like to be one of the members of the Beacon Club and have a Beacon Club button. I have three Sunday-school pins, each given for perfect attendance during one year.

Yours sincerely,  
RICHARD BAKER GREENMAN.  
(Age 8.)

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA XXXIII.

I am composed of 6 letters.

My 1, 5, 3, is a part of the body.

My 1, 2, 6, is an animal.

My 4, 2, 6, is used in playing a game.

My 6, 2, 1, is very sticky.

My 1, 2, 4, is a famous dog.

My 4, 5, 4, is something of baby's.

My whole is a quadruped.

D. A., JR.

## ENIGMA XXXIV.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 4, 3, 2, 1, is a girl's name.

My 5, 1, 2, is a kitchen utensil.

My 9, 4, 5, is something that comes out of a maple tree.

My 5, 7, 1, 3, is something architects use.

My 7, 8, 6, 3, is a wild animal.

My whole is a famous government school.

RUSSELL BACON.

## ROMAN HISTORY ACROSTIC.

1. An emperor called "The Delight of Mankind."
2. A boy made to swear eternal vengeance against Rome.

3. One of the seven hills of Rome.

4. A Christian emperor.

5. A poet.

6. A magistrate's guard.

7. A library destroyed by fire.

8. Stolen maidens.

9. An emperor who built a wall.

10. A philosopher banished from Rome.

11. A celebrated jurist.

12. A prison.

S. E. L. B.

## CHARADE.

My first is part of the human frame,  
And it's part of a yell at a college game.  
My second in early spring is seen,  
Well filled with something tender and green.  
My third was once a pomp and power,  
But the days of glory are now no more.  
My whole is a bright and marvellous place,  
Where we see strange feats of skill and grace.

Browning's Magazine.

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. What has many eyes, but cannot see?
2. What has ears, but cannot hear?
3. What has a nose that blows, but cannot smell?
4. What has two tongues, but no mouth?
5. What has two hands, but cannot take hold of anything?
6. What has an elbow, but no arm?
7. What has four legs and two arms, but cannot run or work?
8. What has a mouth, but never eats?

*The Mayflower.*

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 14.

ENIGMA XXIX.—The Beacon Club Corner.

ENIGMA XXX.—Salvation Army.

A GEORGE ELIOT ACROSTIC.—Initials, Deronda; finals, Lydgate. 1. Dorlcote Mill. 2. Essence of Christianity. 3. Rosamond. 4. Ogg. 5. Ninna. 6. Debt. 7. Adam Bede.

## Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

## SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group VI. Must be received before Feb. 1, 1914.  
1. Story or Essay: "The Unexpected Guest."

2. Verse: "Our Flag," or "My Country."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group VII. Must be received before March 1.

1. Story or Essay: "A Spring Party."

2. Verse: "Pussy-Will-O."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group VIII. Must be received before April 1.

1. Story or Essay: "By Wireless."

2. Verse: "In Springtime."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group IX. Must be received before May 1.

1. Story or Essay: "How I Earned my First Dollar."

2. Verse: "Somebody's Child."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.